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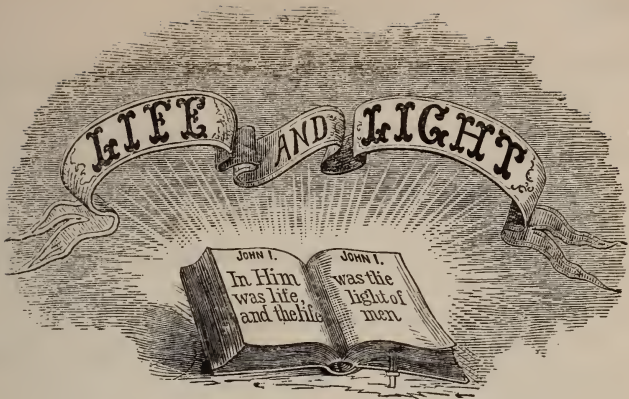
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## Heathen Women.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1872.

No. 5.

INDIA.

A TALK WITH HIGH CASTE WOMEN.

BY MRS. CAPRON.

DURING a conversation to-day with one of our native Christians, several women passed by the open door so quietly that I scarcely noticed them. Annie, however, came in soon and said, —

“There’s a whole company of women on the veranda !” and I went to the door. They were fine-looking women, who had come to a heathen feast from Peramagudi, sixteen miles away, and belonged to a rich caste, something like our bankers. They are the money-lenders of the community. There were fifteen women and four girls, with beautiful jewels, and frank, respectful manners. They all seated themselves around me.

“We wanted to see you ; but, to tell the truth, we wanted to hear your school-girls read. We’ve heard about you and your

school. As we came by their house, they said they were going to eat, and would not read until morning."

Said another, "You give them cloths and food. Now, I should like to know why you take all this expense and trouble."

"Do women in this country, as a general thing, read?" I inquired.

"No; but what is the reason that you trouble yourself about it?"

"What will be done to you when you die?"

"It is the custom of our caste to burn the dead; and our bodies will go to ashes."

"And your souls?"

"Our souls are here," said another, laying her hand on her breast.

"Does that burn up too?"

There was no reply, and no disposition to do any thing but listen: so I tried to teach those souls.

"You and I are quite alike. The color of our skins don't matter. Now, when I die, I expect to lay down my body as you do a faded and worn-out cloth." How they looked at me and at each other!

"Do you really believe it?" said a sweet-faced woman.

"Doesn't she talk as if she did?" said another.

"Tell, tell!" said three or four at once.

"This soul of mine will ascend to the golden city. It is a very wonderful thing to know how the great King could let us poor sinners come there at all." I went for a Bible. "This," said I, "tells us all that the great God wishes us to do in order to go there. I teach these girls to read; and then I give them this Bible, and I say, 'Now, my child, this is a bright light in a wicked world; but it will light your soul to the King's house.'"

"You've done your duty then," said one.

"And can we go there too?" said another.

"Is that what you teach women to read for?"

“Supposing I should come here, how quick could you teach me to read well?” said a noble-looking woman.

“I wish you would please read from that book,” said the oldest of the party.

I must confess, that, as much as I have wanted to read the Bible to the heathen, when I heard this request and the voices joining in the “Oh, do!” “Please do!” I could not make up my mind what to select. The book never seemed so precious, and so full of every thing good for man’s soul. But I finally turned to the Sermon on the Mount.

“Now all of us keep still,” said one: “let us hear this.”

“‘And He went up into a mountain; and when He sat his disciples came to Him.’”

“Who was he?” asked a young girl.

“The great King’s Son; and would you have thought that he would have made himself so poor as to come down here and dwell with us, and show us how to live so as to go to his Father’s house?”

“Is it all in this book?” asked the eldest.

“Yes; and it would make the tears come, could you read of all that happened.”

“Was it Jesus Christ?” asked the elder.

“Then you’ve heard the precious name,” I said.

“They were talking about it when the tent was down there, and I got a little only; but I knew it was the great Swamy’s son, and that the English all know him.”

“Read, read!” said another.

“Then he opened his holy mouth and taught, and said, The poor in spirit shall obtain the heavenly kingdom. Therefore they are blessed.’”

“Who are the poor in spirit?” I asked.

“It don’t mean beggars, I suppose,” said one. “No,” said another: “it means humble people.”

“‘They who mourn shall be comforted. Therefore they are blessed.’” I paused.

“Many mourners in the world,” said one.

“‘The peacemakers shall inherit the earth. Therefore they are blessed.’”

“Many quarrels in this country,” said another.

It was too dark to see, and I regretted it much. I told them how Jesus adapted himself to every one, and how full the Bible was of such food for the soul.

“We ought not to stay,” said the elder; and they all rose, with many expressions of pleasure, and questions as to when they might hear the girls read.

“How I wish you could all read!” I said to them. “Now I’m going to give each of you a little book, that will tell you all about the King’s home and the King’s Son. I want you to get your sons and your brothers and the school-boys to read it to you.”

“Suppose the men say, ‘You can’t read: give it to us’?” asked one.

“You can never give it away,” I answered: “tell them I said so.”

So they went, and a dear little book in each hand. It seemed like a heavenly blessing on each soul. After they had gone a short distance, two turned back.

“The school-girls said these were your daughters. Have you no son?”

“Yes, I have a son; but he has gone to the golden city.”

I never shall forget the expression on their faces. They looked at me steadfastly.

“Then we do not need to wish you a son.” This is a form of Oriental politeness which is very common. A salaam full of reverence and awakened interest, and they also had gone.

The next morning after this visit, I had a call from two men of this party, who asked me many questions about women learning to read in Northern India. It was very refreshing to listen to such intelligent questions.



## VISITS TO A HIGH CASTE WIDOW.

We are permitted to make the following extract from a letter recently received from Mrs. Bissell of Ahmednuggur : —

“In one of the high caste families here, among which we visit, is a Marawari, or merchant-caste widow. According to the custom of the caste, she must not leave the room in which her husband died, within six months; and, at my first visit, she was still an occupant of that room. Oh, how sad and gloomy she looked! Her fine jewels were all stripped off, and she held a thick veil closely over her face. After trying to say a few sympathizing words, I read to her of a woman who had taken great delight in ornaments, and thought of little else, till, hearing from her poor servant-girl of the other adornments, which Christ alone can bestow, she sought and found them for herself. Then how poor seemed her gold and precious stones! Great strength she received to bear her trials, and at last rejoiced, even in view of death, which would take her to live forever where all her best treasures were gathered. I wondered if she paid the least attention; for she remained silent: but when, at the next visit, I spoke as if trying to recall what was read before, she gave an account of it, which surprised and encouraged me.

“The last visit made to her, two weeks ago, was a very pleasant one. She took me to a cheerful room, up stairs, where were her sister, sister-in-law, and another friend. I read and talked to them for nearly an hour, and she said she should send for me again soon. Her relations are wealthy and proud; but her father-in-law consents to let her see me while mourning for her husband, thinking to divert her mind. He has once or twice cautioned me not to have any discussion with her on religious subjects, and this has been avoided.”

## CEYLON.

## LETTER FROM MRS. DE RIEMER.

MRS. DE RIEMER, in a very graphic account of some of her visits to the out-stations near Batticotta, says, —

“ My first visit was to Batticotta East, a fisher-village, about two miles from our house, where the people are of low caste, and very poor and ignorant. The meeting was held in a school-bungalow, which consisted of a roof of palmyra-leaves, supported by four poles, with a pounded mud-floor covered with ola-mats. On my arrival, Mr. Bryant the catechist, and thirty or forty schoolboys, were in waiting. Soon the women began to come in, with their babies astride their hips, until there were over twenty sitting on the mats before me, besides nine or ten men, and innumerable children. They were a very untidy looking company, I can assure you; but I remembered that their souls were as precious in the sight of God as mine, and only needed to be bathed in the blood of Jesus to become pure and clean, and meet to put on the robes of righteousness in the Master's kingdom. They were remarkably quiet and attentive: almost every one remained till after the concluding prayer, and some of them followed my bandy a long way toward home.

“ The next meeting I held at Chittenkerney, under a large tamarind-tree, in a private compound. As the family were of a higher caste, only certain women were allowed to attend. These were much more cleanly in appearance, but seemed rather high-spirited; and some of the older ones commented unfavorably on my remarks as I proceeded. Three of them sat apart, and, on my requesting them to come nearer, replied, that, having just visited a house where a dead body lay, they would pollute the others. Let me say, that, at these two places, there are no girls attending school, and scarcely a woman was able to read.

“ Following this, was a very noisy gathering of the potter-women, under a tree near the Sangarne bazaar. They are not at all accustomed to attending meetings, and it was some time before the catechist could make them quiet enough for me to talk to them. They examined my clothes, made remarks on my appearance; and every woman told her neighbor to ‘keep still:’ the consequence was, that they were all talking together. At last I managed to get a hearing; but, at the conclusion, a heathen man arose, and began to argue with me in a very excited manner. Were it not for the memory of two or three eager faces that closely watched every word to the end, I should almost feel that it was an hour spent in *van*.

“ The largest meeting was at Arroli, nearly three miles away, and was attended by over thirty bright, well-appearing women. Some of them were very diffident about coming, especially when they saw Mr. Buel, the catechist. But when he assured them that no other man would be present, and that he was there only to talk for ‘Ammoh,’ they came shyly in, some of them going round to the back of the bungalow, and creeping under the olamats which protected the walls. One woman was so embarrassed at finding herself at a meeting, that she laughed loudly for some time; but, after she had seized her neighbor’s baby with a great gush of talk, she became more composed, and was soon listening very attentively. Some of the Brahmin women were present, with ugly brown beads around their necks, and their persons smeared with ashes. At this station, there are four or five Christian women who have weekly prayer-meetings; and, recently they have been very interesting, — not so much on account of numbers, as the deep feeling manifested. This is one of the richest and proudest heathen places in our vicinity.

“ At Sulipudam a large number of men, women, and children, assembled under a tamarind-tree, — a noisy, restless company. I wish you could have seen their faces as I told them of Jesus calming the storm on the Sea of Galilee, and directing the fisher-

disciples where to cast their nets. I never realized more than now how emphatically he is the 'Saviour of all classes and conditions of men.' For every soul there is some cheering word, some precious promise. I asked a Brahmin priest, one day, if I could go with the other women to hear the Purannas\* read. He replied, 'No: you would pollute the temple.' I have thought of it many times since, and gloried in it, that no soul, however sin-stained, could pollute the temple of the true, the living God. Oh, how much more exalted is that religion that offers, to the meanest and poorest, salvation through a Saviour's blood! Thank God for the precious gospel of good tidings!"

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## CHINA.

### LETTER FROM MISS ANDREWS.

YAKU, NORTH CHINA, Aug. 15, 1871.

TO THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

*My dear Friends,* — Very soon after I last wrote you, I went with Mr. and Mrs. Holcombe, by cart, to Chocho, a city distant about a day and a half from Peking. It was a much pleasanter trip than the one made to Pan Shan last autumn, because of the greater opportunities for work. We stopped at an inn just outside the city, and remained nearly a week, laboring principally in the villages round about. Wherever we went, we met crowds of women, all very curious to see the first foreign ladies who had visited the place. Many of them listened with a good degree of interest to the new truths we told them. At one village, about seven miles out, Mr. Holcombe had previously baptized three men; and it was there I

\* Sacred books.

found the greatest interest among the women. Most of them were entirely ignorant of the gospel ; but, at our first visit, they listened eagerly, and some of them asked questions in a way that was very encouraging : of course, they frequently interrupted the talk on more serious subjects, to inquire about our clothing, food, and other things. There was a great deal of noise, too, — as the room, quite a large one for a Chinese house, was crowded, — and there were many coming and going who cared nothing for what we were saying, but only wanted a peep at the strangers. A few seemed really anxious to hear, and we talked with them for several hours, during which time they sat, or stood close by us, and did not seem weary ; while others here and there listened with more or less interest.

#### BURIED SEED.

We stopped to partake of a lunch ; and afterwards, encouraged by the unusual attention the women had given in the morning, I proposed to hold a meeting with them, partly that they might learn how we worship God, but principally to prepare them somewhat for the services which we hoped to hold there on the coming Sabbath. They, of course, knew nothing about such services ; but they seemed pleased with the proposal, and were quiet while we sang a hymn ; but, when I endeavored to lead them in prayer, the room became very noisy, everybody trying to quiet everybody else ; and I was obliged to give up the attempt. After some more conversation with them, and teaching a few little girls, who were willing to learn, to read, we left, the people urging us to come again.

#### EARLY FRUIT.

The next Sabbath we went to the same village ; and, although we were unable to hold the hoped-for services, I spent a half-day very pleasantly with the women, some of whom welcomed

us warmly, and seemed delighted that we had come so soon. Hardly were we seated on the "kang," before two or three whom we had met during the previous visit gathered around us, saying, "Now tell us more about prayer. We want to change; want to give up the false gods, and learn to worship the true God: teach us how to pray." A long talk followed, during which some earnest questions were asked, and not a few entirely irrelevant ones; but, on the whole, the conversation was much more satisfactory than is usual with these poor ignorant women; and at the close one said, "Now you pray with us." Remembering the former experience, I refused; but they begged so earnestly, and promised so faithfully to be quiet, that at last I consented, and led them in a short, simple prayer. Some who had heard, and understood little of what I had said, laughed and talked, and evidently thought it a very curious proceeding; but I was gratified to notice how much stiller the room was than on the previous day, and also to see that a few women near me knelt, and closed their eyes, as they saw me do, and listened with apparent reverence. As we rose to go, they asked eagerly when we would come again, and seemed disappointed when we told them that we were going home in a day or two; though we promised to visit them at some future time. One woman said, "If you would only stay and live with us, we would all learn to read, and worship the true God." Another asked me to pray for them, which I assured her I should not fail to do.

I feel very much interested in these people, and hope to see them again the coming fall. It would not be surprising, however, if I should find they had forgotten nearly all they heard, and had still gone on in the old worship. It is not easy to change a life-long habit for that which is new and strange, especially in the face of strong opposition and prejudice. Only God's Spirit can enable them to do it. Pray for them.

## TURKEY.

## A MISSIONARY TOUR.

BY MRS. N. G. CLARK.

SINCE our last Annual Meeting, it has been my great privilege to visit some of the mission stations in Turkey. Places of which I had often read, but never thought to see, have become familiar to me; and their names, when read or heard, bring before me most vivid pictures. They recall to memory delightful hours spent in missionary homes; pleasant talks by the way, as we rode slowly over the green plains or the rugged mountains; sweet seasons of morning and evening prayer about our simple table in the tent; and Sabbaths of rest and Christian communion under the spreading shade of some great tree near our little camp. I love to live over and over again those days of journeying, and Sabbaths of resting, in company with some whose memory will never die out of my heart, and with some whose names had always been to me symbols of all high and pure devotion, and whose daily conversation seemed to bring heaven very near. I wish now, as I often did then, that you all could see what I have seen and heard. Surely you would feel, as I do, that there could scarcely be a higher privilege on earth, unless it were to be counted worthy a place among the band of women who are doing so much for the Master there. I suppose it is of their work and homes you would like to hear; but I know not where to begin, so many scenes throng upon my memory.

## MISS PROCTOR'S SCHOOL.

I think of Miss Proctor's seventy girls at Aintab, classed in three different schools, and ranging from the little wild, unkempt creature of seven or eight years, up to the neat, intelligent Christian girls of the senior class. I should like to tell

you of graduates from her school whom we saw in places where there is no missionary, distinguishable in a moment by their faces full of mind and soul, that are almost dormant in the poor down-trodden women of that land till awakened by Christian teaching. We heard of them, too, as teachers in many places where there was no other instruction, or as wives and mothers sending out into the surrounding darkness the light of a Christian home. Not for nought has Miss Proctor given her talent and her labor to that far-off land. Slowly it may be, but surely, the leaven is working where none but a woman's hand could have hidden it.

#### SCHOOL AT ESKI ZAGRA.

I think, too, of the school at Eski Zagra, which we all associate with two sainted ones who have labored there, who once taught in the schoolroom where I witnessed an examination. I slept in the hallowed room from which the happy spirit of Miss Norcross took its upward flight; and a dear Christian girl — one of the teachers there, who speaks English — said to me, “Only the judgment-day can reveal what Miss Reynolds has done for me.” This young woman, Marika by name, divides her time between this school and out-stations, where her labors as Bible-reader have done untold good. She said to us, “When I think what I was and what I am, I can never do enough to show my gratitude.”

#### VISIT TO MARASH.

Then I think of Marash, although I should have mentioned that before. We were taking Miss Williams there to be associated with Mrs. Coffing; and Mr. Trowbridge, not wishing her to be disappointed in her new home, would say, whenever we passed a small forlorn, mud village, “There! this looks like Marash!” But, however little of external beauty we expected, we felt that our welcome to this city was very pleasant. It be-



gan when we were taking our noonday rest upon a grassy hill by the roadside, with the tops of our tents put up to shield us from the burning sun. We were two or three hours from our journey's end ; and we who were uninitiated did not expect to see any one there ; but suddenly there was an exclamation, and we looked up to behold Mrs. Montgomery on a tall horse, and Mrs. Perry on a little donkey, riding up the steep slope into our midst. They were the only members of that station who had remained there during the Annual Meeting at Aintab, and now came out, with two or three prominent men of the Protestant community, to welcome the visitors and those who were returning home. After a little happy talk, we were on our way again ; and, as we neared the city, we perceived that a crowd of some kind was gathered in and about the shade of the only tree to be seen for a long distance on the plain. As we became visible to this crowd, it began to bestir itself, and organize its ranks. On one side, we descried a mass of white, which Mrs. Coffing joyfully declared to be the school-girls ; on the other were the boys ; and, farther back, the students of the Theological Seminary, with teachers, pastors, and other friends. As we drew near, they burst into a song of welcome, which continued as we rode through their ranks ; but when, after passing, we stopped and turned toward them, they all came thronging to take our hands, each uttering the Turkish welcome, "Hoshgelden !" which we had learned to know so well. From this point the city was beautiful, its low houses embowered in trees, and the domes and minarets of two large mosques, in different quarters, standing out against the majestic peaks of the Taurus, on whose first gentle slope the city stands ; but, as we entered its gates, we found that here, as in most Turkish towns, distance lent enchantment. The houses were of mud, or of rough stones plastered with mud ; the streets, of course, were narrow lanes ; and from the doors of all the houses the population gazed at this cavalcade of foreigners, although, now and then, among the looks of curiosity we noticed a bright

face smiling a welcome most pleasant to see. As we threaded our way through the steep and narrow streets, ascending gradually, we turned at last a sharp corner, climbed a steep pitch, and were confronted by a high wall with a large wooden door directly before us. It swung open; and, as I in turn rode through it, I started, and exclaimed in surprise and delight. It seemed as if, at one step, we had passed from Turkey to New England. There we were in a green grassy yard with trees and shrubs, and at each end a plain, unpainted two-story wooden house, with a piazza whose pillars were the trunks of trees with the bark stripped off, and whose ground-floor was the earth itself, with a large stone for a door-step. It was so like some mountain farm-house at home, that my heart bounded; and as I stood in the door-way, and looked off across the long plain to the mountains beyond, and up at the Taurus, so near that it seemed as if I might put out my hand and touch it, I was glad that here they had a home where they could look off upon the everlasting hills, and be reminded of Him who even thus is round about his people. The spot is hallowed, too, by a little green enclosure where there were then several grassy mounds; and since our visit two more precious little forms have been laid there to sleep, in sight from the windows of the now childless mother.

It is like an oasis in a desert to come to such a cool, sweet resting-place after a journey in Turkey, — all within so home-like; the pleasant rooms with their straw mattings, their home-made lounges, their Boston cane-seated chairs; the bedroom with its simple furniture, and its white curtains drawn away from windows that looked out upon those glorious mountains. Think what must be the constant influence in that land of such a home, so pure, so peaceful, where the wife and mother is the companion and counsellor, not the slave and drudge!

On Monday I saw Mrs. Coffing's day-school. Doubtless you all know that she is a widow, still young, whose husband was

murdered a few years ago by robbers, and who remains to finish alone the work they began together. Here were twenty or thirty girls from ten to fifteen years of age ; none older, save a widow of nineteen. They recited from maps and charts, which helped me to judge of what they were saying ; but, more than in their prompt recitation, I was interested in their intelligent looks and tidy dress, — so different from others we saw about the streets. There are five schools in the city preparatory to this, supported entirely by the native Protestants, which Mrs. Coffing visits and superintends as far as she is able. Her assistant teacher was a graduate from Miss Proctor's school, and she tries to send her most promising pupils there for further training. I was deeply interested in what she told me of the Christian character and work of the older ones. They assist her in city mission work ; every Saturday going out two by two, sometimes with a missionary lady, and often without, to visit from house to house, read the Scriptures, and hold prayer-meetings. She said that she could trust any of the older girls to conduct a prayer-meeting with propriety. They are also teachers in the Sabbath school. Every Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Coffing and Mrs. Trowbridge go through the Sabbath-school lesson with those who teach in the two churches. They are taught that where much is given much will be required, and that they must be shining lights in their dark land.

Sweet and precious was every hour spent in Marash ; and we left Miss Williams, feeling that she had before her a blessed work in a favored spot.

#### MARIKA'S LETTER.

We are indebted to Mrs. Haskell of Eski Zagra for Marika's letter. In an accompanying note she says, " You may be interested to know that she was the first Bulgarian girl who became a Christian under Miss Reynolds' instruction. She speaks

and reads English very well. This is quite a literal translation of her letter. She is now a Bible-reader here in Eski Zagra. It is a hard field, quite unlike Bansko; but we are all praying and waiting for a blessing."

#### TO THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

*Respected and dear Friends,* — Inexpressible was our joy at seeing Mrs. Secretary Clark; for in her face we saw you, beloved, who have done us so much good. Praise be to our Father in heaven, who has united us by his own love, and given us to have fellowship through his Son! As Mrs. Clark told us of the work you are doing for the world, and at the same time for us, our hearts were filled with gratitude; and very often, when we think of you, we pray that God may give you blessing and prosperity. I take my pen to tell you of my work among the women of Bansko. I first went among them for six weeks during the summer of 1870, and I wondered at the earnestness with which those women listened to the truth. As I conversed with them, one said, "Don't be quiet; talk to us all the time, and know that we keep still because we want you to talk." When I returned to Eski Zagra, they so much wished a teacher, that they collected four and one-half liras (over twenty dollars in currency) towards her support, and begged that some one be sent among them; and I was chosen to go. After five days' journey, I reached Bansko. They all rejoiced much, and it did me good to see their beaming faces. One of them pressed my hand, and with tears said, "How can I help rejoicing and loving her, when God, through her, has answered my prayers!"

My daily work was divided. Before noon, from six to twelve women came for two or three hours to learn to read; and my heart overflowed as I saw not only how they tried to progress in their lessons, but with what longing they strove to be such as the Lord wished. In beginning, we always had time for reading

the Bible and prayer, and, O sisters beloved ! you would have rejoiced, and felt, that, for all your pains, this reward sufficed, could you but have seen their earnest attention. Above all, when we talked of Jesus and his love, tears began to course down the cheeks of several. Some of them would rise at two or three o'clock in the morning to finish their work, that they might come promptly for the lesson. One of them with five small children, who was obliged not only to take care of her house, but to do a great deal of out-door work, and also to spin and weave the material for the family clothing, and make their garments, rose to study during the night, because she knew there was no other time. Some were obliged to bring their little ones ; and truly it was pleasant to me to think how Jesus met just such, and tried to raise them from their fallen condition. It was often pleasanter to hear the crying of the children than to have the mothers absent. After noon, some of them went with me to visit at two or three houses. In thus going about, I was able to have personal conversation with many besides those who came to read. We had also a meeting on Friday, which was attended by from eighteen to thirty-three. I should love to tell you of our week of prayer. At seven in the morning, there was a general gathering of about forty ; and, after it was over, the women met, and from that time they began to take part in the meetings. As I told them of the heathen who know nothing of salvation, it was very interesting to hear their prayers for them, as, a little before, they themselves knew nothing of Jesus. Then when I told them that you send us teachers, and of your efforts for the elevation of woman, I believe you would have shed tears of joy to hear their prayers for you. The first that prayed was a little while before an opposer ; but the Spirit of God had softened her, so that she had become one of the most humble. At first she did not wish to see me ; but afterwards it was her great delight to sit by me, and tell me wherein she had erred, and earnestly ask me what she ought to do.

Let me tell you about the woman that pressed my hand. She heard of the errors of the church through the village priest and teacher, and left off performing the rites and ceremonies; but her soul was thirsty for that salvation which could free her from sin. To please God had been her desire from childhood; and she once sent twenty paras to the teacher to write out a prayer for her. He returned the Fifty-first Psalm in intelligible words. Taking much pains to have others show her, she learned it (she could not read), and constantly repeated it, with some other short prayers. When the preacher came there, she went to hear him, and then there was opened to her a new world. But her husband would not allow her to go to the service; and she told me, that, when the Sabbath came, she could only weep and pray, "Lord, thou wilt find a way of deliverance." When I was there first, she asked others to persuade her husband to have the prayer-meeting with them, and that he should sit and listen. He consented; and, as he heard of what we spoke, he said she might go on the Sabbath. After this, she was not only among the first to find her place, but to bring others to the service with her. Every Friday she begged me to go home with her from the meeting, and tell the same things to Dada (Grandpa) Lazara, as she called her husband. Now they both attend service, and, I trust, are walking together in the heavenly way.

Another woman, who had had a son in the Philippopolis school, had learned the truth from him. She is fifty or sixty years old, but very healthy. Always, when she heard I was coming to her house, she would gather in her neighbors, some of whom seemed to have in a good degree the desire to please God. A little while before I was to start home, this woman came to my room, and said, "I have all along thought there would be time, and so have not talked with you; but now it is finished: tell me what is meant by to be changed, to be renewed." She listened with great emotion, and my heart was melted for her. I think

she is a Christian ; but her mind seemed not to comprehend some truths. When I left, she was the last to say "good-by : " she came out on foot with us a half-hour's distance, and then turned off into the fields, I doubt not to weep and pray for us. Among her relatives was a woman named Elenka (Ellen). We had finished our meeting one day, and were going away, when she came in, and asked me to read to her. She gave great attention, and said sadly, "They were going to call for me, but didn't." The next time I went, she was the first one there ; and, as I read to them, she wondered at such teachings : then she came close to me, and with great earnestness said, "Tell me, child, is all in our church wrong?" I told her "No ;" but that we have many errors ; and, as I began to read to her the twenty-third of Matthew, she was amazed to find that the Pharisees were just what our priests are now. She would turn to the others, and say, "See, see ! but where have we been ?" What joy for her was in the salvation of Jesus ! Oh the earnestness of this woman ! It is impossible in words to tell you her hungering and thirsting, and the attention she gave to the words of Christ. It seemed to her as though Jesus himself was speaking ; and, although her son opposed her, she began to go to the service and to the Bible lesson. On the last Sabbath, she clasped me in her arms, and with weeping said, "O child ! how can you leave us ?"

I have thought how many there are, who, like her, would joyfully receive the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, if they had heard of him. I met many others of whom I might tell you, but do not wish longer to weary you. Dear sisters, pray much for us ; for we have great need of the power of the Holy Spirit. Oh that he would visit us, so that we might see many souls here in Eski Zagra fleeing from darkness to the wonderful Light of life !

I remain your sincere friend with loving salutations,

MARIKA GENCHOVA

## LETTER FROM MISS SEYMOUR.

We give our readers some extracts from a letter written by Miss Seymour to our auxiliary society in Fall River, the first of which strikingly shows how strong and tender a tie exists between our missionaries and those who support them in this country : —

“ My heart seems to go out to you all this morning ; and I long to see your faces in the flesh, — the faces of those, who, for the Master’s dear sake, have adopted me his servant, that you might show your love to him by caring for me. Sometimes, when I am greatly helped in my work, when I am conscious of receiving strength from above, so that my duties are easily and joyfully performed, then I rejoice to believe that some dear sister among you, who has power with God, is pleading for your missionary. How delightful to be in the hands of such a Father, who can in one and the same moment hear our prayers for each other and send an instantaneous blessing down !

“ God has recently called us to part with one of our scholars ; Anna, a young woman eighteen years of age, who was married more than a year ago. She was an earnest Christian ; and we feel that we can never be sufficiently thankful to our heavenly Father, that he takes to himself only those among our pupils whom he has renewed by his grace.

“ A short time before the funeral, we went to the house of Marderos, her husband, taking all our girls with us. It was a sad home. Marderos’ mother, an old woman bent over with the weight of years, but whose hoary head is a crown of glory to her, was with her son, and asked us to sing. We sang, many of us with broken voices, ‘ Oh, sing to me of heaven ! ’ ‘ My days are gliding swiftly by, ’ and other hymns that have been translated into Armenian. The old mother handed us Anna’s hymn-book ; and, turning over the leaves, I saw written on the cover several numbers, and the words, ‘ Let these be sung at my funeral ; ’ and we complied with her request.”



## APPEAL TO CHRISTIAN MOTHERS.

BY MRS. C. R. ALLEN.

I would gladly leave this retired spot if I could join you in that great assembly who have met to consult about the interests of Christ's kingdom on the earth. A mere glimpse at such a congregation, gathered for such a purpose, would inspire new faith and zeal; but, as this cannot be, permit me to speak to you through the pen, from my distant home.

We are tenting beside a beautiful lake, situated among the Taurus Mountains, about eighteen miles south of Harpoot. It is said to resemble the Sea of Galilee; and its blue waters are a refreshing sight to us who are so far inland. We see here "the pelican of the wilderness," the stork, and much besides to remind us of Him who was such a careful observer of the works of God. Shepherds daily drive their flocks to water; and sometimes we behold them carrying the tender or sick ones: "He carrieth the lambs in his bosom, and gently leadeth them that are with young."

We find, that, during our two-years' absence, there has been progress in the work, especially among the women. A pastor remarked to me, "I find the women more earnest Christians than the men: they are always awake!" Four weeks ago, I had a call from a teacher in Hoghi. I inquired, "Do the women have a reading-lesson during the harvest?" — "Yes," she replied: "some of them come in the morning, before going into the fields; and others, after returning at night." In this same village is a family of four, — father, mother, son, and daughter, — all members of the church, and all laboring for Christ. I visited Hoghi three and a half years ago; then the mother was in sorrow, because so few of her sex were interested in the truth; but she herself witnessed faithfully for Christ. The desire of her heart is now answered in the waking-up of the women.

In one of the suburbs of Harpoot there is a growing interest in the female prayer-meetings. At the last one, twenty-eight

were present, many of them taking an active part. Opportunities for labor often become to us a source of sorrow. Multitudes are waiting for the "bread of life:" there is sufficient for all, but who shall break it unto them? The work presses on every side, and strength fails. One after another of the burden-bearers are falling. Shall these broken ranks remain unfilled? "I thought of being a missionary," said a young man to me, just before leaving America; "but my mother would not give her consent." Yet that mother was a professing Christian! Christian mother, how is it with you? Do you say to your son, as he makes known to you his desire to tell the story of a Saviour's love to those who sit in darkness. "My son, I cannot consent to your going"? On what principles do you settle this important question? Have you talked with Jesus about it? Are you sure that it was love for him that guided you to such a decision? Let the past with its hallowed memories speak, — parental dedication, prayers in his behalf, the answer, in the giving his heart to Christ, and the loving consecration of himself to labor in his service. With a heart trained to obedience, he comes to his Master, and asks, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The answer is so plain, that he cannot mistake: "Arise; for I will send thee far hence to the Gentiles." If he yields to this higher call, he must go not only without your consent, but without your blessing and co-operation. This is no setting-forth of the imagination; but facts have repeatedly come under my own observation, that have so thrilled my soul, that I cannot but speak. O mothers! who have such influence over your sons, would that I had an eloquent pen! then would I plead with you in behalf of the perishing ones waiting to welcome the teacher who could tell them how they might be delivered from their degradation and sin. Rather let me ask that Jesus, speaking to your hearts by his own love for you, may teach you by experience how blessed are they who lay their most precious offerings on his altar.

# Our Work at Home.

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## ANNUAL MEETING.

AT ten o'clock, Tuesday morning, Jan. 2, a large number of ladies had assembled in Park-street Church to attend the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions.

Mrs. Albert Bowker, President, called the meeting to order, and, after a hymn had been sung, read from the twenty-fourth chapter of 2 Samuel, and made some suggestive remarks in reference to David's refusal to offer to the Lord a sacrifice of that which cost him nothing. Prayer having been offered, the Annual Report of the Recording Secretary was read and accepted. Mrs. Bartlett, Treasurer, reported receipts for the year as follows : —

Donations . . . . .	\$30,023.33
Legacies for Permanent Fund . . . . .	15,300.00
Quarterlies . . . . .	3,017.00

Mrs. Bartlett mentioned it as a significant fact, that, at every previous Annual Meeting, there had been a voice from the spirit-world ; and to-day it is repeated in the dying-gift of Mrs. Wellington of East Boston, who, when living, always remembered our meetings, and who forgot us not in death, but with her latest breath bestowed her legacy upon the cause she loved.

After a report of the work of the Bible-women by Mrs. Scudder, a letter of greeting and earnest exhortation was read from an invalid missionary, Miss Mary S. Rice.

A verse or two of song, and then Mrs. N. G. Clark delighted all who heard her by a charming sketch of her recent visit to the

missions of the East ; after which the exercises were closed by singing a verse of the Missionary Hymn.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The afternoon session was opened at two o'clock by singing an original hymn by Mrs. Rebecca Perley Reed. The Committee on Nomination of Officers, appointed in the morning, reported through Miss H. M. French, principal of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, that "recognizing the abundant blessing bestowed upon this society during the last year, and believing it to be largely owing to the wisdom and efficiency of its officers, they recommend their re-election." This Report was accepted, and the old board of officers re-appointed.

Mrs. L. E. Caswell read the report of the "Philadelphia Branch." Mrs. Hubbard of New Haven gave a most interesting account of their auxiliary, — made up of seventeen smaller societies, — which, besides having contributed \$1,569.00 to the treasury, is doing a good work in diffusing intelligence, and exciting missionary interest among old and young. Reports from other auxiliaries were read by Mrs. Gould, all of which gave gratifying evidence of advancement. Mrs. Horton of Newton showed, that, although they have no organization, they are not lacking in interest, and related some very touching instances of juvenile devotion and self-denial, which might well put their elders to the blush. Miss Cutler from Holliston read the report of their auxiliary. Mrs. Richardson of Lincoln spoke of their small society as being full of life, as might be expected from the presence and influence of Miss Rice, who resides among them. Their auxiliary had been organized only a year ; their membership was increasing ; and many copies of "Life and Light" had been put in circulation. It had been a matter of surprise that this publication was asked for in families where no religious interest is felt : children look for it in their pews ; and the desire for it is ex-

tending. Mrs. Luther Wright from Maverick Church, East Boston, gave an interesting and instructive account of the methods of missionary work in that church. In three vigorous organizations the entire membership is represented. The first, the "Maverick Rill," comprises children under fourteen years; the "Zulu Helpers," young ladies above that age; while the married ladies are associated in the "Oroomiah Auxiliary." The last two have contributed upwards of \$500.00 during the year.

The following auxiliaries were also reported: Beverly, Mass.; Providence, R.I.; Fall River, Mass.; Hartford, Conn.; Portland, Me.; Montclair, N.J.; Salem, Mass.; Winchester, Mass.; Springfield, Mass.; Syracuse, N.Y.; New Bedford, Mass.; Woburn, Mass.; South Hadley, Mass.; Rutland, Vt.; Newburyport, Mass.; Walpole, Mass.; Hanover, N.H.; Malden, Mass.

After singing "Blest be the tie that binds," and the reading, by Mrs. Wright, of a beautiful letter from Miss Bush of Harpoot, Miss Sisson of New London, Conn., under appointment as a missionary, was introduced by Mrs. Bowker, with a few kindly words. Her youth and mourning garb made as tender an appeal as her lips, when she said, "Mothers and sisters, I come to you in much weakness; but there are a few words I do wish to say. I long, beyond expression, that you should take me in your loving arms as your missionary, and bear me on your hearts as often as you come to the throne of grace. It took me some time in my individual experience to reach those last words of Jesus, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' Not until He himself had gone before, bearing the heaviest burdens, not until he had shown what His love was willing to endure for us, did he say, 'Go ye.' My dear Christian sisters, young ladies nearer my own age, who have laid yourselves upon His altar, yet have found the world, with its pleasures, its cares, its ambitions, surging

over the soul, I want to tell you how sweet it is to take up this burden for Christ, and to find how he fits every 'yoke,' and what grace and strength he supplies for the carrying of every cross. I find nothing happier on earth than to be able to look up into my dear Lord's face, and say, —

'Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow thee.'

Let, then, these last words of our Lord Jesus Christ, spoken to each individual Christian here, come home to us this afternoon. Dear young ladies, do not rest satisfied until you have inquired of the Lord how much he meant by your opportunities; ask him honestly and earnestly whether he lays his hand on your prayers, your money, your time, your talents, or your lives." As she closed, the president, speaking from her own full heart, represented as well the feeling of the entire audience, when she grasped the hand of Miss Sisson, and assured her that she would have the prayers of all present, as she already had their sympathy.

Letters were read from Miss Pollock, Miss Mary Andrews of North China, and an appeal from Mrs. C. R. Allen of Harpoot, to Christian mothers for the consecration of their children to the missionary work; when the audience rose, and sung the beautiful hymn, which never seemed more appropriate than on this occasion: —

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone?"

Dr. Clark, of the American Board, here came in by invitation, and made the closing address. He referred to his visit to the Sandwich Islands a year and a half ago, and illustrated the effects of the gospel upon that people, by giving an inside view of their well-ordered Christian homes. At their "jubilee," hundreds of Christian women were assem-

bled in the church; their neatly-clad children in the galleries singing our Sabbath-school songs, and a lady presiding at the organ. "Sisters," said Dr. Clark, "there are forty millions of women and children, with all their possibilities of character, who depend on you for the bread of life. I love to think of what the gospel has done for the home. Our Lord came through a home; commenced his work in another home; and you, Christian sisters, are following in the footsteps of the Lord. The Ladies' Union Missionary Society have shown what women can do organized together; and you have shown what women can do connected with a denominational Board. Other denominations have already found the advantage of your plan; and the last mail but one brought intelligence that the Church Missionary Society of England had done the same: your example has spread over this land, and crossed the ocean. I know that this meeting has cost labor: success for this cause has come from work, and I am glad to bear testimony to it. I rejoice that one whose name is known all around the globe as the mother of missionaries\* gives her noblest work here." In conclusion, Dr. Clark said, "My last words shall be what I learned to use in Turkey without an interpreter: let that be our word of parting to-day, as we think of the work and the final triumphs of the cross, — Christ! Hallelujah! Amen!"

Prayer by Dr. Clark, and the doxology, closed the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions.

MRS. J. A. COPP, *Rec. Sec*

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For Treasurer's Report, see "Missionary Herald" for December, January, and February.

\* Mrs. Dr. Anderson.

## WORDS FROM SUBSCRIBERS.

IN a letter from Miss Lydia Bingham of the Sandwich Islands, we find these encouraging words:—

“Emma and I spent one day pleasantly with the wife of the native pastor at Lahina, Rev. Mr. Kuaia. I found that Tamar was a subscriber to ‘Life and Light.’ With a pleasant smile, she said she took it because she thought it would help her in her work among the ‘womens.’ Emma was specially interested in the first article, and rendered the story of ‘Rachel and her Grandmother’ into Hawaiian for the benefit of Mr. Kuaia. I think Mrs. Capron would have been pleased to see that little group,—the young translator, the splendid-looking pastor attentively listening, the happy little mother dressing her babe meanwhile, and the teacher looking on with proud satisfaction.”

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“‘Life and Light’ has been read here with great pleasure and profit, and has aided in rendering our missionary meetings interesting. Many hearts have been touched by its stories of self-denying labor.” — *Kidder, Mo.*

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“When my first year’s subscription was out, I asked my husband if we could afford to take it another year. He said, ‘Yes: we cannot do without it if we can get the money to pay for it. I have become more interested in, and learned more about, missionary work from that little book than from all the papers I have ever read.’” — *Waterloo, Ia.*

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“Mrs. V—— values the publication highly. The letter, page 178–180, is worth twice a year’s subscription for its suggestiveness.” — *New-York City.*

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“Enclosed find two dollars, for the first bound volume of ‘Life and Light,’ and my annual subscription. I consider myself a life-subscriber.” — *Payson, Ill.*





WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE  
INTERIOR.

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TURKEY.

LETTER FROM MISS HOLLISTER.

THROUGH the kindness of friends, we are permitted to make the following extracts from letters of Miss Mary G. Hollister of Aintab, who is associated with Miss Proctor in the charge of the school at that station.

“Yesterday and to-day we have been favored with calls from Mussulman women. Generally they come on Friday, that being their Sabbath; still, for some reason, about thirty were here yesterday; not singly, but in companies. To-day, ten or twelve have been in.

“ You cannot imagine such depths of ignorance, and especially of moral depravity, as they show in every way. Talk with them five minutes, and you will be struck with their want of purity. Very often the young girls have beautiful faces ; and they are generally profusely ornamented with strings of gold and pearls hanging from every available part of the head, hair, and hands. They come here from curiosity, thinking us about as strange as if we had come from the moon with wings.

“ When I see them, my heart aches to think how they are kept down, and how glad they are to be so. The more secluded they are, the more wicked they seem to grow.

“ It is said that the wives of the principal bey here never step across the threshold of their outer door, from year to year.

“ Most women go about closely veiled ; and, by veiling, we mean covering one’s self up entirely, almost like doing up a bundle in wrapping-paper.

“ To-morrow will be a holiday, and we all go out of the city for a kind of picnic. First, however, I shall visit one of the more remote quarters of the city, to read and hold a prayer-meeting with the women. It is a hard district ; and, when going there, I usually cover myself with a white veil, or sheet, as you may call it ; though it is of finer and much nicer material, and is larger, than an ordinary sheet. I feel that it is safer to do so than to be known by every one in the street as a foreigner, especially when no American is with me.”

In a letter dated Aug. 20, she gives an account of a visit to one of the neighboring villages.

“ Saturday morning, we started at six o’clock for a little missionary tour to the village of Orool. Our company comprised Mr. Trowbridge, our native assistant teacher Mariam, and myself.

“ The sun poured down a flood of scorching heat on the treeless, grassless, lifeless hills, over which we looked with dread, thinking of the next seven hours to come. After riding for three-quarters of an hour through the rows of dingy houses of

the city. we set out on the open road, leading now over the plain, now over the hills. Another hour passes, and we come to a beautiful spring of water ; oh, how beautiful, when compared with the dry waste around ! Trees line the banks of the streams flowing from it ; flowers hang over the water's edge. For a time, we enjoy the cool shade and cooler air from the water ; but soon the road turns away over the barren hills again.

“ On we go — the sun beating unmercifully upon our heads ; the dust under our feet dry, like the finest powder ; tired of sitting in the saddle ; tired of every thing — for two weary hours or more ; then suddenly we come again upon one of those beautiful springs bursting out from under the hills. Sitting near are some black-faced men, evidently from India, with their great white turbans ; and, out in the fields around, the workmen, in the native costume of many colors, stoop lazily and languidly to their work. One holds a wooden plough that just scratches the surface. Two men work one hoe, differing, however, in construction, from a Yankee hoe. This style of doing things reminds me of the way in which I found men cutting wood the other day ; one man handing the wood from the pile, one holding the stick to be cut, and another using the axe.

“ At the entrance of the village stands one of our school-girls waiting to receive us, and take us triumphantly home. Entering the house, rejoicing that it is tolerably clean, I throw myself down to rest. Recovering my senses a little, I find I am in the same room with a child sick with small-pox. There is but one room in the house ; and it never occurred to my hostess that there could be any harm in inviting a guest there : so I walk out on the roof, and ponder the situation a little.

“ Looking around, I see that every inch of ground on the little hill on which the village is built, is taken up, — houses above houses, terrace-like : so that you can step from your own door upon a neighbor's roof. The Protestant chapel is built upon the roofs of other houses.

“ People are upon the roofs ; some in red, some in blue, all in gay colors. There they sit and work.

“ The village is the very best I have seen in Turkey. There are windows in the houses, that is, holes to let in the light ; and horses and cattle are not kept in the family room, as is the universal custom in the region around Marash : but the people are very untidy, not to say filthy. . . . Sunday, besides attending service, I had a meeting with the women, in which I tried to tell them, in the simplest way, something about Christ. I read to them the story of Martha and Mary, and tried to secure their attention by telling them there was once a village which Christ loved to visit : it was not so far from Jerusalem as Orool from Aintab.

“ I succeeded pretty well. They didn't interrupt me to ask whether America was as large as Aintab ; or to inform me that I ' couldn't drive Satan out of this world, although my tongue was sweet, ' — that is, though I could say some good things, — or to tell me that ' hell must be full any way, and they might as well be the ones to go there, ' — as they sometimes do. On the whole, they were well-behaved, though they did talk in meeting a little.

“ This morning we came away with all their good blessings and prayers, and reached home a little after noon. ”

#### LETTER FROM MISS MALTBIE.

God's watchful care for his chosen ones, and power to prepare their hearts for the reception of the truth, is illustrated in the following extract from a letter from Miss Maltbie, dated Samokov, Sept. 10, 1871 : —

“ In one of the villages, a poor woman was induced to send her youngest and favorite son to the mission school at Philippopolis. After a time, the village was stirred up against the Protestants, and they urged Barba Nonka to take her son home. But she wished very much to have him educated, though she

herself could not read. Perplexed and troubled, she went to the Lord with her burden, — or rather to the Virgin Mary, for she had been taught to pray to her, — asking, that if the missionaries were bad men, and would lead her son away from the truth, he might be sent home, even if he must be turned out of school.

“ He remained ; and when, at the end of the term, he went home, he could read the word of God to his mother, which gave her great delight. She seemed immediately to receive it as Heaven’s message to lost sinners ; though she now heard it for the first time in a language that she could understand.

“ When her son asked her why she worshipped the mother of Jesus, she hesitatingly replied, ‘ True, the Bible does not command us to pray to saints ; ’ and in a few days the pictures were removed from their sacred alcove in the wall of the room. As soon as this was done, the villagers understood that she had become a Protestant, and they began to persecute the family. The priest cursed them in the church, and forbade the people to have any thing to do with them.

“ At last, in their zeal to put down heresy, a large company of the villagers, with the chief men at their head, marched in procession toward the old lady’s house, intending to pull it down. When Barba’s husband heard that they were coming, he hid himself ; but she betook herself to prayer. When the crowd stopped in front of the house, and, with angry shouts and threatening jeers, called to them, the old lady went to the gate, and mildly asked the leader what they wanted, and if they supposed her guilty of any crime.

“ Silenced by more than human power, those rude men stood before that meek and gentle child of God, abashed and ashamed, and, with a few stammered words of apology, marched away.

“ Yet their rage was not spent, and in many ways they persecuted the lowly family who were holding up the banner of a crucified Redeemer. At last, it was thought best that they should remove to this place. Here the son was employed as a

helper in our work ; and they were comparatively free from persecution. But trials still awaited this disciple of Christ. A son living in another village died suddenly, and the poor mother had no evidence that he was a Christian. This was a sore affliction to her. But, when speaking of her sorrows, she always says, ' I have so much to be thankful for ! God has been so good to show *me* the truth !'

" She has been very anxious to learn to read God's word herself ; and, since she has been here, she has made some progress in that respect.

" Last winter the son went away, expecting to be absent a year : the father was sick a long time, and in some instances the family suffered for want of food. The missionaries always supplied them when they knew they were in need ; but frequently their modesty prevented them from making their wants known.

" Barba Nonka, referring to their situation, said, ' I told the Lord, that, if I could only learn to read his word, I would willingly go hungry, and he has only answered my prayer. He is very kind to let me learn to read.'

" Since we commenced school, she has been present every day. The first morning, she came nearly two hours before the time appointed, so fearful was she lest she should lose the morning prayer. We all love her very much, and thank God for such a burning and shining light in this darkness."

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## CHINA.

### LETTER FROM MISS CHAPIN.

THE following extracts are from a letter dated Tung Cho, Oct. 24, 1871 :—

" The record of these few months past contains nothing new. It is simply the old story of daily study and daily effort to train the eye to distinguish the forms of these multitudes of charac-

ters, and the ear to catch and recognize the strange sounds and tones, and to educate the memory to hold them all, so that they can be reproduced at pleasure. It is a laborious task; and my slow tongue is backward in adapting itself to this new form of speech. . . .

“A woman has lately come into the family to work, who cannot read: so I am trying to instruct her, using a little primer which contains the fundamental truths of Christianity stated in short, simple sentences. These I read to her over and over again; and she repeats them after me. She has so little power of thought, and the ideas are so new and strange, that it seems almost impossible for her to comprehend or remember any thing; but by patient, persevering effort, we hope that some rays of light will, in time, penetrate the darkness in which her mind is enveloped.

“The city is at present full of students and soldiers, who are here to be examined for literary and military degrees; making it unpleasant for ladies to go out on the streets. When they are gone, Miss Andrews hopes again to visit among the women, holding meetings with them, and teaching them. I intend to go with her, at least a part of the time, to aid her with the singing; and, if any are beginning to learn to read, I may be of some assistance in teaching. I long for the time when my tongue shall be unloosed, and I can talk with the people of the Saviour.

“Between the services on the Sabbath, the women present in the morning come to Miss Andrews’s room, and spend the time in singing and reading. They all enjoy the hymns very much, and learn a great many of them; but they seem to have very little musical ability. Scarcely one of them gets a note of the tunes correctly; but that makes no difference. They all sing with as much zest and apparent enjoyment as though they were making the sweetest music in the world.

“Some of them, I think, sing with the spirit, if not with the understanding; and that is of the first importance.”

## INCIDENTS OF A MISSIONARY TOUR IN CHINA.

JUNE 5, 1871. — At last we reached the village where we were to rest for the night. We entered the first inn, and found but one great room, — used as kitchen, family living-room, and guest-room, — containing three kangs, one of which we were informed we could have *all to ourselves*. As our party numbered five, the prospect was not promising in the way of comfort or rest.

Mrs. Williams and I climbed up, however, and sat down, while Mr. Williams and the servant went to look farther. The hostess was kind, and understood so well what we tried to tell her, that we were half-disappointed when they came back, saying that the landlord of an adjoining inn had agreed to vacate his own rooms for us. We found them neither tidy nor airy, but better furnished than any rooms we had seen on the road; containing a good many curious and somewhat tasteful little arrangements for the occupant's comfort. His glazed eyes, pallid face, and listless ways showed plainly that he was an opium-smoker; and we found his pipe and bowl lying on the table.

Supper was served after long waiting. Millet mush, and beef cut into small pieces, and fried, formed the bill of fare. Our rooms were filled with the fumes of wine and *hsien tsai*, — salt vegetables, — which stood in earthen crocks in the corner. They were lighted by oil lamps. A round piece of wood, like a broomstick, set in a square block, and supporting a tiny cup of oil, from the edge of which flickered a bit of cotton or bamboo pith, was the primitive style of these illuminators. It was a quaint, odd place, full of things to provoke mirth, or excite sorrowful meditations. We tired travellers, however, spread our beds, and slept as quietly and refreshingly as if on the most elastic of hair mattresses, in airy and commodious rooms.

The next morning we rode through the mountain pass



enjoying the beautiful scenery in the cool hours, when every thing was at its loveliest, — rocks, rippling water, verdant fields below, delicate flowerets blooming on the crags in their secure mountain-home.

They are like a picture hung in Memory's gallery, to be looked at again and again, when I am weary and oppressed between the stifling city walls, but, like every thing best, either seen, felt, or thought, beyond description, — almost sullied and desecrated by any words. . . .

YU CHO, June 13. — Yesterday many women visited us, and with some of them we had most interesting conversations. Three Roman Catholics came in the afternoon, and surprised and delighted us by their clear knowledge of the way of salvation. We are so accustomed to hear sweeping condemnation of the work of the priests in China, as mere baptized heathenism, that I was not prepared to find among these women such clear, intelligent views of truth. A priest visits them but once a year; but certainly, by him or some one, they have been well instructed.

They told us that there are forty families of Romanists here, living together in one quarter of the city. They have been assisted by the church in learning several kinds of work, which enables them to support themselves, and yet observe the Sabbaths and feast-days.

Just before tea, we called on two or three of the neighbors who had expressed a desire to have us come.

In one house, we found a company of women very curious to see us, and a few, who, having heard the gospel, remember some of its most important truths. One young mother, with a puny little baby, particularly interested me. Her face haunts me still, with its sorrowful yearning for something better than she knows. One little girl, ten or twelve years old, followed us home with a bunch of wild-flowers, and stood by me while I arranged them, listening, with half-distrustful wonder, to what I told her of Him who clothes the lilies of the field.

## CEYLON.

## LETTER FROM MISS HILLIS.

WE have space for but a brief extract from a letter from Miss Hillis, addressed to the Grinnell Woman's Missionary Society, dated November, 1871.

After referring to the deep affliction with which the mission had been visited, in the death of Mr. Sanders, she says, with reference to her own work among the women, —

“I returned to Batticotta in May, and since then have been engaged, to some extent, in the villages; going out usually at half-past three, and once or twice a week in the morning; though I almost always suffer some from exposure to the morning sun, and, except on the Sabbath, generally avoid going out at that time. I have two girls' schools, in which there are between fifty and sixty scholars; and most of the time which I give to out-of-door work I spend in the villages in which they are located. I shall soon write to you fully in regard to them; for I want your sympathy and prayers for these girls and their mothers.

“I often come home feeling as if I must write, and beg every Christian heart to pray without ceasing. Your prayers may accomplish what our work alone can never do. To teach the heathen the truth, to interest them, and make them feel that it is truth, is almost nothing. I never feel this so much as when I have had a meeting that seems a success in these respects.

“You can hardly understand how much your messages of sympathy and love mean to us, in these ends of the earth. Every month, as it seems to separate us farther from the friends and places we have left, makes them more precious; and every token that we still are remembered there is more tenderly prized.”

## Home Department.

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AT a meeting of the Executive Committee of the W. B. M. I., held Jan. 5, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

*Resolved*, That we will endeavor, by the use of every appropriate means, to raise during the present year the sum of fourteen thousand dollars— one-third of the amount appropriated by the A. B. C. F. M. — for “ Woman’s Work in Foreign Lands.”

The Committee also voted to adopt the boarding-school at Samokov, European Turkey,— formerly at Eski Zagra, — where two of our missionaries, Miss Maltbie and Mrs. Mumford, are employed as teachers; the Bridgman Boarding-School at Peking, China, with which Miss Porter and Miss Thompson are connected; and also the school at Manissa, Western Turkey.

The Committee have felt constrained by the pressing demands of the work, and the encouragements to a diligent prosecution of it, to take this step forward, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which we labor during the present year; and we look now to our auxiliaries to indorse the course we have taken, by their own zeal and earnestness in assisting us to redeem our pledges.

One society has promptly engaged to meet the expense of the school at Manissa, involving quite an increase upon their former contributions; while many smaller bands of helpers are asking the privilege of aiding some one who is telling of Christ’s enlightening, life-giving love in the midst of darkness and death.

The reports which have come to us of the annual meetings of many of our auxiliaries indicate, generally, a quickened interest, and an increased sense of personal duty and obligation, in reference to this work; but the number of our auxiliaries

bears but a small proportion to the number of churches of our denomination in these Western States.

Are there not those connected with every one of these little circles, who would have influence with ladies in other churches, and who, by a little personal effort, might secure among them similar organizations?

We offer now to all societies connected with us, free of cost, our new Collection Envelopes, requesting that the secretary of each will make known to us the number required to meet the wants of its members.

We hope that this system will greatly diminish the labor of collecting. Those societies who have made use of it during the year past speak in the highest terms of its efficiency and success.

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#### RETURN OF A MISSIONARY.

ONE of our missionary band, Miss Sarah Pollock, who left this country four years ago, to become connected with the Madura Mission in Southern India, has recently returned on account of the failure of her health.

Reluctantly and sadly she has laid down her chosen work, but with most precious testimony to God's unvarying goodness, and with the strongest expressions of confidence in his unfailing wisdom and love. Our heart's warmest sympathies are with her in this bitter disappointment, while we hope that rest, and a more invigorating climate, may be blessed to her complete restoration to health.

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#### TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WE would remind our Western readers especially, that with the present number commences a new year for this little quarterly. Some may have forgotten to renew their subscriptions. Let every one who finds it to be of interest and value do what lies in her power to increase its circulation.



MARCH.

PUBLISHED BY THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

1872.

## DOOSHGOON, THE BRIGHT PUPIL.

BY MRS. J. L. COFFING.

Now I want to tell you, little girls, about a pupil in our school at Marash, whose name is Dooshgoon. She is ten years old, and when she stands up by the wall, without shoes on, and a book upon her head, is just forty-nine inches high. She has very black, straight hair, and black eyes that sparkle like jewels. I never look at her but she seems just ready to laugh right out. She spells every word you can give her; reads in two languages; writes, and in written arithmetic has completed the four simple rules, compound numbers, and fractions. Last winter I had our first class review mental arithmetic with her class; and it was amusing to see the large girls flock around Dooshgoon when they had a difficult question.

A week or so ago I told the pupils in reading, that, whenever there was a quotation from the Bible, they must look it up, and tell me the chapter and verse. I thought I had given them a

hard task ; and the next lesson, I knew, contained several. To my surprise, they gave them all without hesitation ; but, on inquiring, I learned that they had all found them through Dooshgoon's help. There was, however, an allusion which none of them had noticed ; and I told them I should not consider the lesson perfect if they did not have that before they went home. They took their seats ; and, in less than three minutes, Dooshgoon exclaimed, " Mrs. Coffing, it is in Heb. xiii. 2," and read, " Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." Now, although so bright and advanced, she does not know it, and is a simple, artless child. Her parents are very poor, and could not keep her in school without our aid. There are good and bright girls here and in other schools ; but we need help that they may be educated : so, dear children, save your dimes, yes, your quarters, and give them to the Missionary Society.

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### THE CYPRIAN LAMP.

BY MRS. C. H. LADD.

AMONG my Oriental curiosities is a small earthen lamp that was taken from a tomb in old Cittium, on the island of Cyprus. It had been in use some two thousand years ago,—for its mouth was burnt and blackened with the smoke of the wick,—then it was placed by the side of the departed one to light its soul through the darkness to the unknown land. Perhaps a fond heathen mother did it, as the last act of affection she had in her power to give to her little one. No Saviour's love to comfort her, or light her darling through the " valley of the shadow of death " ! This homely relic brought to mind many things associated with our five-years' residence on that beautiful island. I know not that any missionary society now cares for the spiritual interests of its inhabitants ; but true is the Word, " The isles

shall wait upon me, and on mine arm shall they trust." Isaiah speaks especially of "Chittim"—probably Cyprus—in those isles, as designated among the people and the lands that shall show forth the glory of the Lord. We will believe and pray that this Word will be "a lamp unto their feet and a light unto their path."

I keep this little dingy lamp from the tomb in old Cittium as a reminder to pray for the mothers and daughters of that far-off and much-loved isle, that those, especially, who have been enlightened from above, may let their light shine out into the deep gloom around them; that none of them may now come into the dark valley of death without the Lamp of Life to show them into the gates of the celestial city.



### DOLLY'S MISSIONARY BOX.

"ADDIE wants to see you in the other room on a little business of her own," said a friend, with whom, in the little girl's presence, I had been speaking of the Woman's Board of Missions.

When by ourselves, I asked, "What is it?"

Timidly whispering, and stroking me with both hands, she said, "I thought I would have a doll's missionary box, and ask my friends now and then to put in a penny; and I've just got my first dollar, that I want to give you for the Woman's Board of Missions; and, when I get another, I'll send that by you too."

"Well, well!" I said, "a doll's missionary box!—you must let me see it."

She led me to the mantel, where, sure enough, beside a small brown box, sat the tiniest bit of dollyhood that ever sported fancy skirts and sashes. A fairy dolly, I call her; for she could not have been more than an inch and a half in height. Over

against the treasury she sat, while close behind peered up a very ogre of a china giant, all head, as though he would have us think his intellect a match for any cunning; while, as a background for them both, was a card in Addie's own pencilled handwriting.

"Doll's missionary box. Won't you *please* drop in a few pennies?"

Now the "please" and the wee dolly together, to say nothing of dolly's mother, went straight into the hearts of all that saw it; and the pennies multiplied wonderfully quick.

"Ah!" I thought, "if all the little mothers would stir up their dollies to missionary work, our hundred thousand dollars a year would soon be forthcoming."

AUNT HELEN.

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## MISSION-CIRCLES.

### DONATIONS.

#### MAINE.

*Ellsworth.* — "Cup-Bearers," \$2.70.

#### VERMONT.

*Rutland.* — "Juvenile Class," "Willing Helpers," "Mr. Kingsley's," "Children of the Light," "Miss Harris's," "Busy Larks," "Busy Bees," "Pearl-Seekers," "Mrs. Fisher's," "Julia Pease," "Wayside Gleaners," "Miss S. Pierpont's," "Cheerful Givers," \$115.01.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

*Boston.* — Chambers-street Chapel, \$61.25.

Central Church, "Busy Bees," \$6; "Merry Workers," \$5,  
"Eughapers," \$7.53.

*Cambridge.* — Shepard Church, "Little Workers," \$30.

*Dedham.* — "Sarah's mite-box," \$4.

*East Braintree.* — "Monatiquot Circle," \$10.

*Jamaica Plain.* — "Minnie Gilbert's candy-money," \$3.

*Malden.* — "Star Circle," \$5.

*North Bridgewater.* — "Messenger Birds," \$3.

*Salem.* — "Willing Helpers," \$30.



*Swampscott, Mass.* — "Busy-Workers," \$2.35.

*Walpole.* — "Little Gleaners," \$114.

*Wakefield.* — "Mission Helpers," \$40.

## CONNECTICUT.

*Gilead.* — "The Sunbeams," \$11.

*Norwalk.* — "May-Flower Circle," \$50.

## ILLINOIS.

*Virden.* — Children of 1st Presbyterian Church, \$6.50.

## PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

"Morning Star," \$3.25.

"Plymouth May-Flowers," \$11.

"Carrier Doves," \$18.80.

"Orange-Buds," \$11.50.

## "THE OPEN HANDS."

A few months ago, there was a strange notice read in our church, inviting all the little people who were interested in helping heathen children, and especially those who were not, to go to the parsonage Saturday afternoon. We cannot tell all about it: but you will know a good deal from our Report; for now we ask you to accept us as one of your Circles.

We have sixty-six members under fourteen years of age. We meet once a month in our beautiful new parsonage. The girls go at three to sew; our minister's wife, and one or two young ladies, preparing the work. At four the boys come in; when the sewing is put away, and our pastor spends an hour with us. He tells us about the different heathen countries, our missionaries, and helps us to make plans for work: we sing a good deal, and pray together. Then the missionary box is opened, and we all give the money we have earned. Our name helps us too; for we cannot forget that our "hands" are "open" for the heathen, and we must not shut them in idleness, or even upon our pennies to spend them for our own pleasure. We send you twenty-three dollars as our first offering.

HOLLISTON, January, 1872.

## NELLIE'S SUCCESS.

Among the many cheering reports sent to our Annual Meeting was one that specially interested us, telling how Nellie H—— formed a mission-circle. It seems that she came with her mother to one of the public meetings of the Woman's Board, which, doubtless, many children who have never been to them imagine to be very stupid and tiresome. It is pleasant to know, however, that one young girl found something to interest her for more than an hour or a day. Full of enthusiasm, she went home, and, without waiting for help from any one, formed a mission-circle consisting of three members, — her two little brothers and herself. They held meetings together; and, with their first pennies earned and saved, they purchased a bell-rope, which now hangs in a schoolhouse at Harpoot. The bell calls the children to school on week-days, and their parents to church on the Sabbath; but of what use would it be without the rope to send its sweet tones out on the air? Thus God permitted these children to mould one small link in the great chain of events by which he is to convert the world to himself.

One by one, others joined this little circle, till at last a whole large church became interested in it; and the result was the contribution of over five hundred dollars for the purpose of saving heathen children. Is there not many a young Nellie in the land, who will at once begin this work of love, trusting to her heavenly Father for his blessing?

## THE ZULU HELPERS.

The Zulu Helpers of the Maverick Church, East Boston, have recently given a charming entertainment for the benefit of Mrs. Edwards's school at Inanda. It consisted of songs, dialogues, and recitations, which gave much instruction, as well as pleasure, to the large audience present.

In the first dialogue, "Zenana Life," two young ladies, in

native costume, personified converted Hindu women, and gave to a missionary meeting a vivid and affecting account of the condition of their sex in the high-caste life of India, and also the joyful emancipation the gospel brings them.

A miniature meeting of the Woman's Board was also held in due form. The young officers conducted the exercises with great propriety, from the chanting of the Lord's Prayer at the commencement, to the closing doxology, in the Zulu language. Foreign correspondence was read, containing, among other items, a graphic account of a Zulu monthly concert; an interesting missionary address was given; the unpublished poem, "There's so much work to do at home," was finely rendered; and the whole was enlivened by the singing of African songs by Misses Grout and Rood, daughters of missionaries.

Some of the discouragements of the home-work were set forth by the Missionary Collectors, whose adventures in obtaining money from Mrs. Splendid and Mr. Hardfint were very amusing; while their pleasant reception from Mrs. Kindly, lame Jenny, and good old Grandmother Eld, exhibited the attractions of the cheerful giver.

Perhaps one of the most interesting features of the occasion was the closing piece, entitled "All the World for Jesus." The motto was beautifully arranged in letters made of a hundred and seventy-five small bouquets of flowers, suspended in an arch tastefully trimmed with evergreens. Each letter had its living representative in a little child, who, in an appropriate recitation, showed how all things centred in the Saviour; the whole closing with a glowing tribute to the time when all the world — indicated by a globe hanging amid the flowers — should bow the knee to Jesus.

After a short time of social intercourse, the company separated, much delighted with the evening's entertainment, and with a new interest in the cause of missions. The proceeds of the occasion amounted to a hundred and fifty dollars.

## Speed the News.

BY MRS. EDWIN WRIGHT.

DEAR little babe clothed in finest of lawn,  
Nurtured in love from the time you were born,  
Cradled within a dear mother's arms,  
Hushed by her lullabies, soothed in alarms,  
Petted by day, and cared for by night,  
At reason's first dawning taught to do right, —  
From a poor pagan child  
What hath made you to differ ?

Born in a hovel with black earthen floor,  
No place of exit for smoke, save the door ;  
Clothed but in rags, or in no robes at all ;  
Brought up with goats, and beasts of the stall ;  
Strapped to the back of the mother by day,  
Hard at her labor from home far away ;  
Reared in abuse, in curses, in strife,  
None to take sweet, tender care for your life, —  
From a dear Christian child  
What makes you to differ ?

Wee toddling feet going ever astray,  
Ever led back to the straight narrow way ;  
Sweet little hands close folded in prayer ;  
Dear little heart to the Father laid bare ;  
Rosy-red lips, made for kisses and song,  
Mingling your lips with heaven's glad throng,  
Taught to know God through his works and his word,  
Faith full assured that your prayers are all heard, —  
From a poor pagan child  
What hath made you to differ ?

Jostled and tumbled upon and about,  
Often the paths of virtue without,  
Seldom with loving hands tucked into bed,  
No nightly prayer breathed over your head,  
Victim of sorrow, of want, and neglect,  
Nothing above you to love or respect, —  
From a dear Christian child  
What makes you to differ ?

This, only this, — the knowledge of God ;  
Of Christ his dear Son, and the pathway he trod ;  
His life in the flesh, his death on the cross, —  
To you blissful gain, to them direful loss.  
Oh, soon, and with speed, let us send the glad news !  
And, Lord, on their hearts, distil Spirit dews !  
For this, only this,  
Hath made you to differ.



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Life and Light for Heathen Women

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